

## The History of

*Prin.* O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee  
the money is payd backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

*Pr.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do  
it with unwastat hands too.

*Bar.* Doe, my Lord.

*Prin.* I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that  
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or therea-  
bout: I am hainously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I  
praise them.

*Prince. Bardoll.*

*Bar. My Lord.*

*Prin.* Goe beare this letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,

To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Goe, *Peto*, to horse: for thou and I

Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke*, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive  
Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And cyther they or we must lower lye.

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! *Hostesse*, my breakfast, come,

Oh, I could wish this Taverne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well sayd, my noble *Scor*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should goe so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongue of ffoothers, but a braver place

In my hearts love hath no man then your selfe,

Nay task me to my word, approve me, Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the King of honour,

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

## Henry the Fourth.

*Hot.* Doe so, and 'tis well: what letters have you there? I can  
but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He can not come, my Lord, he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he leifure to be sick

In such a justling time? who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mess.* He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth.

And at the time of my departure hence,

He was much feard by his Physicion.

*Wor.* I would the state of times had first bin whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was never better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sick now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize,

'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation,

Could not so soon be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remov'd, but on his owne;

Yet doth he give us bold advertisment,

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly posselt

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*War.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,

And yet, in faith it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our States,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

Tha